

## ABE'S LITTLE FLIER

By GRANT THORBURN

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For years he'd been a power in the Flatbrook meeting house—not during church time, to be sure, nor yet at Sunday school, nor week night meetings, nor Epworth League. It was at other times he shone—at the fairs, and candy sales, and donation parties, and school commencements, and he was a great favorite, and he was the regular thing at the village entertainments.

But lately his popularity had begun to wane. The Flatbrookers became tired of the same old card and coin tricks, though Abe Hinchman, through long and careful practice, was an adept at them. They longed for the Indian box trick and the juggler's sword tricks of the metropolis. They did not know that down in the cities the base members of society, if they ever did attend a sleight of hand performance, always came in when the card and coin tricks commenced and yawned and went out when the Indian box trick came on.

Abe realized that his popularity was on the wane. Even old Doc Clarkson's daughter had grown a bit distraught and cold. So Abe made up his mind. He drew about two-thirds of his bank deposit and started for New York. He was determined to learn a few new tricks, buy some new paraphernalia and come back and astonish the natives and old Doc Clarkson's daughter. It was early winter and there was no farming to be done, so there was no better time or opportunity, and he went.

He occupied a seat in the smoker. At a station near the metropolis a well dressed young man boarded the train, looked around for a seat and finally took the one next to Hinchman. He was a sociable sort of fellow and entered into conversation at once. Abe told him all he knew and many things that he didn't. The stranger was not so communicative and confined himself strictly to fiction, although Abe couldn't know that, of course.

"Now, look a-here," remarked this man. "Don't you go to any hotel. You go to a private boarding house. They won't skin you. I know a good one where they'll treat you right. You come with me." Abe went.

The place was situated in a rather obscure street, but the rates were cheap. Abe's companion, by a singular coincidence, boarded the train.

After supper they went upstairs into the parlor. A caller was announced, a rather seedy personage. He wanted to see Abe's new companion. They talked together in one corner while Abe sat in another. Then his friend came over to him.

"Say, Hinchman," he began, "do you know anything about diamonds? Any judge of them?" Abe glanced at the other man out of the corner of his eye. "Somepin," he replied. "Was in a jewelry store up home 'r awhile. Why? What's up?"

"Why, say," continued the other, "here's a friend of mine in a fix. He's got some good diamonds and wants me to loan about \$200 on 'em. They're worth \$900 anyway. I've seen 'em. Now, I ain't got \$200 or I'd lend it to him. S'pose you do it. How much have you got?" This was a superfluous question, for he had discovered on the train that Hinchman had just \$250.

"Well, now, here," went on the other, "he says if he don't pay up in a week you can keep the stones, see? He can't pay up, and the stones are the real thing, see? And you'll be in the difference between a couple of hundred and most a thousand, see?"

Hinchman saw. He thought it over and concluded that it was a sound proposition, provided the gems were genuine. He excused himself a moment, went to his room and put \$200 in one envelope and something else in another envelope of similar appearance.

They had to go to the friend's room. A few blocks distant up a dark, dingy staircase. The friend produced the jewels. Abe wouldn't touch them unless they went over to some Broadway jeweler and determined their worth and genuine character. This was fair, and they went. It was really superfluous, for Abe could tell by the merest examination that the stones were the real things. There were four of them. The Broadway jeweler looked at them, said they might sell for a couple of hundred apiece, but that he would give \$150 spot cash for each of them. Then the three went back.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked Hinchman's friend of Hinchman. "They ain't worth as much as we thought, but there's a good clear profit in it for you in case my friend here don't pay, and if he does you get your money back, with good big interest and a bonus besides at the end of a week."

The diamonds were again produced and once more examined. From that time on Abe Hinchman kept his eyes, not on the faces of his friends, but on the diamonds.

"I'll do it," he finally announced. He slowly withdrew from his pocket the envelope containing the \$250 and a small bag. He counted the money in front of the two men, and they put the diamonds in the bag at his request. After he had counted the money and replaced it in the envelope and once more examined the diamonds and replaced them in the bag, which he did more or less carelessly, keeping up a steady conversation all the time, he laid both upon the table.

"Now, gent's," he concluded, "I'm a stranger here, and I rely on your honor not to do me. This here is a fair and square deal on my part, and I s'pose it

is on yours. Now, there's your money, and here's"—

There was a loud rap on the door, and a man broke in. He was not in uniform, but he wore some kind of shield, which he exhibited. Behind him were two other men.

"Don't move!" he yelled to the three men around the table. "I arrest the whole gang for robbery!" Hinchman's two companions sprang to the table, shoved Hinchman aside, grabbed the bag containing the jewels and the envelope containing the money and made for the door.

"Run for your life!" they yelled to Hinchman. "It's the cops! These stones is stolen!" They waited not, but burst through the men at the door and leaped down the stairs. Hinchman was left to face the three men.

"Well, sir," said the leader severely, "we got you anyways. What you got to say for yourself?"

Hinchman told the whole story from beginning to end. The three men evidently didn't believe it, but nevertheless they marched him to the corner of the street and there told him they would let him go provided he would appear at the police station in the morning to prosecute the others. He promised, and they left him. He took to his heels and sprinted for his boarding house. Once there, he gathered up his grip, paid his reckoning and jumped on the nearest trolley car. Eventually he fetched up at the Astor House. There he took a room.

Once in his room, he slung his grip in a corner, took off his hat and wiped his brow with a handkerchief. Then he drew carefully from his inside pocket first an envelope and then a small bag. In the envelope was Abe Hinchman's \$200, and in the bag were four genuine stones. The other men, wherever they were, also had an envelope and a little bag, but in the one was simply a roll of green paper and in the other a few dried beans.

Abe Hinchman had merely played it as low down on 'em as he could; that's all. Legerdemain comes in handy once in awhile. He shopped around and sold two of the stones. The other two he kept.

A week later Abe Hinchman stepped off the train at Flatbrook and sauntered down the street. A diamond stud shone in his shirt bosom. He smoked a twenty cent cigar.

"Pretty flip, Abe," remarked a townsman—the jeweler, in fact—as he inspected the pin. "Where'd you get the dough?"

"Just been taking a little flier in Wall street with the boys," remarked Abe carelessly. Another hailed him.

"Well, Abe," said this one, "you look first rate. What you been doin' down there?"

"Well," returned Abe, "you can just bet that I stood on the steps in front of the Astor House along with the best of them; yes, sir, I did."

"Here's a little thing for you, Milie," suggested Abe to Doc Clarkson's girl that day—that is, if you'll say 'Yes.' It was a magnificent solitaire ring. "Oh, Abe!" sighed the young lady in assent.

A week later Abe Hinchman entertained a select audience with the Indian box trick, the sword trick, the clothes basket trick, the cabinet trick and every trick in the business. It was simply great.

**Napoleon's Character.**

In character Napoleon may be said to have been not so much wicked as devoid of moral sense. The first principles of morality seem to have had no place in his mind, and it is difficult to see how they could have found entrance there. He had really no country, and consequently no patriotism. Born a Corsican and setting out with bitter hatred of France as the destroyer of Corsican liberties, he never really became a Frenchman. He never learned to write the language, hardly to pronounce it. France was the seat and fulcrum of his power, his throne and the recruiting ground of his armies. Whatever he might say in proclamations, in his moments of sincerity he spoke of the French contemptuously as people who were to be governed through their vanity, which it was necessary to feed with a perpetual course of victories. Domiciled in France, he had consorted with a set of adventurers as profligate as any that the world has seen. The only sort of public morality with which he had ever been impressed was the fidelity of the soldier to military duty.—Goldwin Smith in Atlantic.

**Conjuring a Tooth.**

Among the negroes the most striking remedies are to be found. Witness the combination of cure and spell described under the name of "conjuring a tooth" in Alabama. Go into a lonely part of the woods with one of the opposite sex, who is to carry an ax. The bearer of the ax chops around the roots of a white oak, cuts off with a jack-knife nine splinters from the roots of the tree, then cuts around the roots of the aching tooth with the knife, dips each of the nine splinters in the blood flowing from the cuts and finally buries the splinters at the root of the tree from which they came. While doing this the operator repeats something you don't understand, which is the charm.—Kansas City Journal.

**The Knight Rejoiced.**

We believe that kissing is an English custom. We read in ancient history of a knight who visited the Field of the Cloth of Gold and who on being invited to a local castle was addressed by the "kynde lady" of the establishment, who remarked: "Forasmuch as in England ye have such a custom as that a man may kysse a woman, therefore I will that ye shall kysse me, and ye shall also kysse these my maidens." "Which thing," adds the old historian, "ye knyghte straightway did and joyced greatly therat."

## HEADQUARTERS

OF THE

## Republican County Committee

Of Essex County.

## Republican Primaries and Conventions.

The Republican Voters of the Several Election Districts of the County of Essex are hereby Called to Meet in Primaries on

TUESDAY, THE EIGHTH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1903, From 1 to 9 P. M.

In places herein below designated, and then there to elect:

First—Delegates to the Republican County Convention, to be held at Kruger Auditorium, Belmont Avenue, in the City of Newark, on Wednesday, the 9th day of September, 1903, at 8 o'clock P. M., to nominate eleven candidates for members of the General Assembly.

Second—Delegates to the Republican City Convention of the City of Newark, to be held at Republican headquarters, corner of Halsey and Academy Streets, in the City of Newark, Thursday, the 10th day of September, 1903, at 8 P. M., to nominate two candidates for members of the Board of Street and Water Commissioners and a candidate for Trustee of the Newark City Home.

Third—To elect from each election district one member, and in townships having only one election district, two members of the Republican County Committee to serve for two years.

The number of delegates to which each district is entitled are as herein set forth:

Primary Places	County
BLOOMFIELD	
First Ward, First District, Barber Shop, 31 Broad Street	3
First Ward, Second District, 100 Montgomery Street	3
Second Ward, 379 Broad Street	2
Third Ward, First District, 287 Glenwood Avenue	2
Third Ward, Second District, 26 Willow Street	2
Total	12
GLEN RIDGE BOROUGH	
First District, Fire House, Herman Street	3
Total	3
BELLEVILLE	
First Ward, Valley Hose House, John Street	3
Second District, Eastwood Hose House, William Street	2
Third District, Mrs. Osborne's Store, Montgomery Street	1
Total	6
NUTLEY	
First Ward, Park School Hall, Chestnut Street	2
Second Ward, Fortnightly, Franklin Avenue	1
Third Ward, Surratt's Store, corner Passaic Avenue and Chestnut Street	1
Total	4
CARL LENTZ, Chairman Republican Co., Committee of Essex County, N. J.	

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## A BIT OF PANTOMIME.

Max O'Rell's Opinion of Four Peoples Given in Gestures.

"When Max O'Rell came to Montreal some years ago," said a man from that city to a Detroit Journal contributor, "we fixed up a little joke on him. We had noticed how gracefully he could unite a caustic criticism with a compliment, a faculty that enabled him to say the sharpest things without offending the people he was criticizing. We were going to put the faculty to a test."

"We had him lunch with us, and there were at the table besides himself an Englishman, a Scotchman, an Irishman and a French-Canadian. When we got our guest off his guard we demanded an honest opinion of the different races we represented. As the opinion had to be given in the presence of all four, the situation for him was a rather delicate one. But it never seemed to trouble him, and he gave his opinion without a moment's hesitation."

"The Scotchman," he said, and he clinched his right hand tightly and pretended to try to force it open with his left. "The Englishman"—and he went through the same performance, opening the hand at the end after an apparent struggle. "The Irishman"—and he held out his hand wide open, with the palm upward. "The Frenchman"—and he made a motion with both hands as if he were emptying them on the table.

"There was not a word of explanation, but we all understood thoroughly and had a hearty laugh. Max O'Rell had maintained his reputation."

## A Lincoln Joke.

One of Lincoln's visitors in the early days of his administration says:

"He walked into the corridor with us, and, as he bade us goodby and thanked us for what he had told him, he again brightened up for a moment and asked him in an abrupt kind of way, laying his hand as he spoke with a queer but not unkind familiarity on his shoulder, 'You haven't such a thing as a postmaster in your pocket, have you?'"

"I stared at him in astonishment and I thought a little in alarm, as if he suspected a sudden attack of insanity. Then Mr. Lincoln went on: 'You see, it seems to be kind of unnatural that you shouldn't have at least a postmaster in your pocket. Everybody I've seen for days past has had foreign ministers and collectors and all kinds, and I thought you couldn't have got in here without having at least a postmaster get into your pocket.'—'The True Abraham Lincoln.'"

## Enormous Strength of Mushrooms.

A curious instance of the wonderful force exerted by growing vegetation is related in the Gardeners' Magazine. This force seems all the more remarkable when exerted by light and unsubstantial mushrooms, but does not appear so extraordinary when caused by the expansion of a hard wood tree. Some half hardy annuals were sown in a frame just cleared of a winter crop in the gardens of an English park and the lights closed to hasten germination. Some days afterward signs of cracking were observed in the brickwork, and gradually a block weighing in the aggregate one and one-half hundred-weight was pushed out of position. After cutting out several bricks a mass of mushrooms was found 3 pounds 3 ounces in weight growing in the center of the wall. The mycelium had run freely in the mortar and on the inner face of the bricks.

## The Frog's Feeding.

Mr. Frog has an enormous mouth for his size, and if we were to put a finger inside it we would find that he has a row of teeth in the upper jaw and that his soft white tongue, unlike our own, is attached in front and is free behind. When he wishes to catch any insect he throws out the free end of the tongue, then draws it in so rapidly that it is difficult to see whether he has been successful or not. As the tongue is coated with a gummy fluid, the insect sticks to it and is carried back into the mouth, which closes upon it like the door of a tomb. Frogs, however, are not limited to one mode of feeding. They often leap open mouths upon larger prey, which includes besides insects small fish, mice, small ducklings, poliwogs and tiny frogs.—Woman's Home Companion.

## Friends.

Put your heart into the search for a friend, freely offer assistance to any of the crowd who needs it, and, sooner or later, you will find a hand outstretched toward yours, and your soul will meet its likeness. Do not imitate those who, shut up in their individuality as in a citadel, indifferent to all passers by, yet send forth on the four winds of heaven the melancholy cry, "There are no friends." They do exist, be sure of it, but only for those who seek, for those deeply interested in the search and for those who do not remain content to spin out the thread of life in a corner like a spider's web, intended to catch happiness.

## Modesty of Greatness.

Here the eminent statesman who was dictating the particulars of his early career to the reporter paused for a moment.

"This will be the place, I think," he said, "to insert the statement that I don't like to talk about myself and that I mention these facts with evident reluctance."—Chicago Tribune.

## The Best Thing.

"What do you mean by kissing me, Herr Frisch?"

"My aunt told me to. She told me to come and help myself to the best thing I could find in the kitchen."—Fliegende Blätter.

Wherever there is authority there is a natural inclination to disobedience.

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